

HANDEL+HAYDN SOCIETY

HARRY CHRISTOPHERS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Thursday, May 14 at 7pm
Museum of African American History
46 Joy Street, Beacon Hill

Reginald Mobley, *countertenor and director*
Margot Rood, *soprano*
Erika Vogel, *soprano*
Emily Marvosh, *alto*
Jonas Budris, *tenor*
Eric Perry, *tenor*
Jacob Cooper, *bass*
Bradford Gleim, *bass*

Introductory remarks by Beverly Morgan-Welch,
Executive Director, Museum of African American History

I. SPIRITUALS

My Lord, what a Mornin'
Keep Your Lamps
There Is a Balm in Gilead
Steal Away

Arr. Harry T. Burleigh
Arr. André Thomas
William L. Dawson (1889-1990)
Arr. Paul von Hippel

II. MINSTRELSY

Martin Delaney Medley

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)
Arr. Andrew Clark

III. CONCERT SPIRITUALS/GOSPEL

My God is So High
Rockin' Jerusalem
Precious Lord, Take My Hand

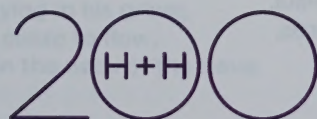
Ain't Got Time to Die

Arr. Moses Hogan
André Thomas (b. 1952)
George N. Allen (1812-1877)
Arr. Roy Ringwald
Hall Johnson (1888-1970)

IV. CURRENT COMPOSERS

23rd Psalm
Lesklavaj (Slavery)
Finale: Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing

Bobby McFerrin (b. 1950)
Sydney Guillaume (b. 1982)
J. Rosamond Johnson (1873-1954)



Spiritual: *My Lord, What a Mornin'*

My Lord, what a mornin'
My Lord, what a mornin'
Oh, my Lord, what a mornin'
When de stars begin to fall.

Done quit all my worl'y ways
Jine dat hebbenly ban'

My Lord, what a mornin'
My Lord, what a mornin'
Oh, my Lord, what a mornin'
When de stars begin to fall,

Spiritual: *Keep Your Lamps!*

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning
Keep your lamps trimmed and burning
Keep your lamps trimmed and burning
The time is drawing nigh.

Children, don't get weary
Children, don't get weary
Children, don't get weary
'til your work is done.

Christian, journey soon be over
Christian, journey soon be over
Christian, journey soon be over
The time is drawing nigh.

William L. Dawson: *There Is a Balm In Gilead*

There is a balm in Gilead,
to make the wounded whole,
there is a balm in Gilead,
to heal the sinsick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged,
and think my work's in vain
but then the Holy Spirit
revives my soul again.

If you cannot sing like angels,
if you cannot preach like Paul,
you can tell the love of Jesus,
and say, "He died for all."

There is a balm in Gilead,
to make the wounded whole,
there is a balm in Gilead,
to heal the sinsick soul.

Spiritual: *Steal Away*

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home! I ain't got long to stay here.
My Lord, He calls me, He calles me by the thunder!
The trumpet sounds within a my soul.
I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home! I ain't got long to stay here.
Tombstones are bursting! Poor sinners trembling;
The trumpet sounds within a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus;
Steal away, steal away, I ain't got long to stay here!

Martin Delaney Medley

Text: Stephen Foster

Way down upon the Mobile river
Close to Mobile bay;
There's where my thoughts is running ever
All through the live-long day;

There I've a good and fond old Mother
though she is a slave;
There I've a sister and a brother
Lying in peaceful graves.

O, could I somehow a'nother,
Drive these tears away;
When I think about my poor old Mother,
Down upon Mobile bay.

Come all my brethren,
let us take a rest,
While the moon shines bright and clear;
Old master diet and left us all at last,
And has gone at the bar to appear!
Old master's dead and lying in his grave;
And our blood will now cease to flow;
he will no more tramp on the neck of the slave,

Please turn page quietly.

For he's gone where slaveholders go.
Hang up the shovel and the hoe
I don't care whether I work or no!

Old master's gone to the slaveholders rest
he's gone where they all ought to go!
Old master's gone to the slaveholders rest
he's gone where they all ought to go!

I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold and dreary land,
The dire effects of slavery
I can no longer stand,
My soul is vexed within me more
To think that I'm a slave,
I'm now resolved to strike the blow
For freedom or the grave.
O righteous father, wilt thou not pity me;
And aid me on to Canada, where fugitives are free.

I heard old England plainly say,
If we would all forsake,
Our native land of Slavery,
And come across the lake.
O righteous father, wilt thou not pity me;
And aid me on to Canada, where fugitives are free.

Spiritual: My God is So High

Chorus:
My God is so high
You can't get over Him,
He's so low -
You can't get under Him,
He's so wide
You can't get 'round Him,
You must come in by and through the lamb.

One day as I was a walkin' along the heavenly road
My Savior spoke unto me
And He filled my heart with his love.

Chorus

I'll take my gospel trumpet and I'll begin to blow,
And if my Savior helps me,
I'll blow wherever I'll go.

Chorus

André Thomas: *Rockin' Jerusalem*

I hear rockin in the land!
Rockin in the land and ringin dem bells.
I know Oh my Lord,
there's rockin in the land,
rockin in the land and ringin dem bells.
I know archangels ringin dem bells.
Oh I hear dem ringin
for they are rockin Jerusalem.
Oh Mary, Oh Martha ring dem bells!
I hear archangels a ringin dem bells!
Church gettin' higher, Jerusalem ring dem bells!
Don't you hear the bells a-ringin'.
Don't you hear dem ringin dem bells!
Rockin in the land, rockin Jerusalem, ringin dem bells!

George N. Allen: *Precious Lord, Take My Hand*

Text: Joyce Merman

Precious Lord, take my hand,
Bring me home through the night,
Through the dark, through the storm,
To Thy light,
I have been to the mount,
I have seen the Promised Land.
Precious Lord, precious Lord, take my hand.

Precious Lord, take my hand,
Bring Thy child home at last;
Where the strife and the pain
All are past;
I have dreamed a great dream
That Thy love shall rule our land;
Precious Lord, precious Lord.
Take my hand.

Hall Johnson: *Ain't Got Time to Die*

Text: Hall Johnson

Lord, I keep so busy praisin' my Jesus
Keep so busy praisin' my Jesus
Ain't got time to die.

'Cause when I'm healin' de sick
When I'm healin' de sick
'Cause it takes all o' ma time
To praise my Lord.
If I don't praise Him de rocks gonter cry out,
"Glory an' honor, Glory an' honor!"

Please turn page quietly.

Lord, I keep so busy workin' fer de Kingdom

Ain't got time to die
'Cause when I'm feedin de po'
I'm workin' fer de Kingdom
Ain't got time to die.

Lord, I keep so busy servin' my Master
Keep so busy servin' my Master
Ain't got time to die

'Cause when I'm givin' my all
I'm servin' my Master
Ain't got time to die
'Cause it takes all o' my time
to praise my Jesus,
all o' my time
to praise my Lord.
If I don't praise Him de rocks gonter cry out,
"Glory an' honor, Glory an' honor!"

Bobby McFerrin: 23rd Psalm

Text: Psalm 23

The Lord is my Shepherd, I have all I need,
She makes me lie down in green meadows,
Beside the still waters, She will lead.

She restores my soul, She rights my wrongs,
She leads me in a path of good things,
And fills my heart with songs.

Even though I walk, through a dark and dreary land,
There is nothing that can shake me,
She has said She won't forsake me,
I'm in her hand.

She sets a table before me, in the presence of my foes,

She anoints my head with oil,
And my cup overflows.

Surely, surely goodness & kindness will follow me,
All the days of my life,
And I will live in her house,
Forever, forever and ever.

Glory be to our Mother, and Daughter,
And to the Holy of Holies,
As it was in the beginning, is now & ever shall be,
World, without end. Amen

Sydney Guillaume: Lesklavaj (Slavery)

Text: Gabriel T. Guillaume

Mwen soti Afrika, nan peyi papa
mwen;

Nan batiman franse, espagnòl ak
angle,

Tonbe Amerika, peyi mwen pa
konnen:

Tou sa se Ayiti, tou sa se istwa
mwen.

Nou soti Afrika ak tout relijyon nou,
Ak vaksin, ak tanbou, ak tout sa ki
nanm nou.

Nou ponkò debake, mechan
desonnen nou,

Yo sèman te fwa fò yo konvèti
nou.

Yo fè sa yo kapab pou fè nou pèdi
tèt nou,

Pou'n bliye zansèt yo ki chita nan
Ginen,

Pou nou koupe fache ak pawòl
Libète,

Pawòl Egalite ak pawòl Dignite.

Nou pase twa san zan anba chenn
lesklavaj;

La jounen kon lannuit n'ape redi
travay,

Nou pote chay sou tèt, nou pote sou
zepòl,

Pou zòt ka banbile nan peyi
metropòl.

Lesklavaj se degoutans!

I come from Africa, the land of my
father;

From the French, Hispanic and
English ships,

I landed in the Americas, the
unfamiliar land.

This is Haiti, this is my story.

We come from Africa with our
strong religion,

With bamboos, with drums, with all
our souls.

Right when we debarked, the villains
muted us,

They swore a thousand times they
would convert me.

They did all they could to make us
lose our mind,

To forget about our ancestors in
Africa,

And impede our words of Liberty,

Words of Equality, Words of Dignity.

We spent three hundred years under
the chains of slavery;

Night and day we struggled with
work,

Carrying loads on our heads, loads
on our shoulders,

For others to rejoice in the
metropolitan lands.

Slavery is revulsion

J. Rosamond Johnson: *Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing*

Text: James Weldon Johnson

Lift ev'ry voice and sing,
'Til earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
'Til now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who has by Thy might
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God,
True to our native land.

ARTIST PROFILE

Countertenor Reginald Mobley fully intended to speak his art through watercolors and oil pastels until circumstance demanded that his own voice should speak for itself. Since reducing his visual color palette to the black and white of a score, he has endeavored to open a wider spectrum onstage.

Particularly noted for his "crystalline diction and pure, evenly produced tone" (*Miami Herald*), as well as "elaborate and inventive ornamentation" (*South Florida Classical Review*), the "Barn-burning, [...] phenomenal" (*Knoxville Metro Pulse*) Reggie is rapidly making a name for himself in Baroque, Classical, and modern repertoire. His natural and preferred habitat is within the works of Bach, Handel, Purcell, as well as other known Baroque mainstays. Not to be undone by a strict diet of the baroque, Reggie finds himself equally comfortable in other periods and genres. Not just in Medieval and Renaissance, but also a literacy in Jazz, Gospel, Musical Theatre, and Barbershop singing.

reginaldmobley.com



PHOTO: LIZ LINDER

ABOUT THE MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY

The Museum of African American History is New England's largest museum dedicated to preserving, conserving and interpreting the contributions of African Americans. In Boston and Nantucket, the Museum has preserved four historic sites and two Black Heritage Trails® that tell the story of organized black communities from the Colonial Period through the 19th century. In Boston, the African Meeting House is the oldest extant black church building in America, where abolitionist giants and ordinary citizens gathered to rally for freedom across the land. The adjacent Abiel Smith School is the oldest building still standing in the nation constructed for the sole purpose of housing a black public school. On the Island of Nantucket, the Florence Higginbotham House sits next door to the pristinely restored African Meeting House. Experience our historic sites, videos, talks, tours collections, and programs; rooted in the past and connected to the present.

maah.org



ABOUT THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

Founded in Boston in 1815, the Handel and Haydn Society (H+H) is considered America's oldest continuously performing arts organization. It celebrates its Bicentennial in 2015 with a series of special concerts and initiatives to honor 200 years of music making. Its Period Instrument Orchestra and Chorus are internationally recognized in the field of Historically Informed Performance, using the instruments and techniques of the composer's time. Under Artistic Director Harry Christophers' leadership, H+H's mission is to enrich life and influence culture by performing Baroque and Classical music at the highest levels of artistic excellence, and by providing engaging, accessible, and broadly inclusive music education and training activities.

handelandhaydn.org
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MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY

presents **MAAH Music**



Join us for

Oh, Freedom!

Music by Castle of Our Skins, an innovative chamber ensemble, and spoken word by 2010 national poetry slam star Amber Rose Johnson.

Thursday | June 4, 2015 | 7:00pm
MAAH | 46 Joy Street | Beacon Hill

www.maah.org

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Congratulations to the Handel and Haydn Society

The Freedom Trail Foundation is proud to celebrate Handel and Haydn Society's 200 years of bringing music to life with pop-up performances and history along the Freedom Trail. To learn more, visit TheFreedomTrail.org or call 617.357.8300.



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TRAIL**

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HANDEL+HAYDN SOCIETY

HARRY CHRISTOPHERS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

HANDEL + HAYDN SINGS

THURSDAY, JUNE 18 AT 7.30PM
SYMPHONY HALL

Harry Christophers, *conductor*
Soloists from the H+H Chorus
Period Instrument Orchestra and Chorus

Be there for H+H's season finale! In celebration of the Chorus America conference in Boston, the H+H Chorus will perform soaring selections from four centuries. From Palestrina to Part—including Part 3 of Handel's *Messiah* and the world premiere of *My Angel, His Name is Freedom* by award-winning American composer Gabriela Lena Frank.

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BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY NO. 9 A COMMUNITY CELEBRATION

SUNDAY, JULY 26 AT 12.30PM
COPLEY SQUARE
FREE ADMISSION

Jan Watson, *conductor*
Period Instrument Orchestra and Chorus
Harvard Summer Chorus
Vocal Arts Program Choruses

A free outdoor performance of Beethoven's epic Symphony No. 9 ("Ode to Joy") in the heart of Copley Square.

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